

The Christian Spiritualist

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone—that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

ST. PAUL.

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A SPIRITUAL "PREFACE."

"Some Spirit put this paper in the packet to bless you ere withal."—Henry VIII.

Too often we find the 'Preface' of a noble work uncut and unread: the anxiety manifested to plunge into the history and merits of the subject being too great to listen to any apologies; or to be tantalized with any explanations that hold it in suspense. So have we found at the opening of a New Pantomime that has been long previously advertised and placarded:—the short prelude under a loose disguise that is to introduce the grand scenes to the audience, is often treated with a silent and restless discontent, amidst the cat calls and rude vociferations of "the gods" as well as "the Infernals" or rather "Pit-ites." To a translation of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," in 1851, by the Rev. Samuel Noble—published by James S. Hodson, Lincoln's Inn, London, there is a double "Preface"—one by the Editor, and a second by the Rev. T. Hartley, A.M., late Rector of Winwick in Northamptonshire. It is to the latter we would now call attention, fearing it may have been too little read, and perceiving it is a trifle in advance, not only of the noble Editor, but also of the great Seer himself, correcting somewhat the slight errors of the one, and dismissing the fears of the other. That is, *he* does not express any doubts as to the collision of the two worlds arising from Spiritual intercourse; whereas Swedenborg in many places denounces the attempt as fraught with great danger both here and hereafter; and spreads out grave precautions, with the penalties for transgressing, excusing himself under the plea that his own secrets as to futurity were received *direct* from the Lord Himself; all other spiritual influx through whatever channels being

considered erroneous and diabolical, although not without a hope that at some indefinite period the privilege might be granted with a happy success.

Swedenborgians in general—commonly called *New Churchmen*—have for the most part adhered to the suggestions of Mr. Noble in his Preface, and lost sight of the more advanced and liberal conjectures of Mr. Hartley's; and thus exhibit the strange anomaly of being Spiritualists without admitting the facts on which Spiritualism rests; and uphold their master, but not his measures in their chief points.

Mr. Hartley at page 30 commences:—

"Many of our modern unbelievers have less of faith in things of the other world than the very Gentiles; several of whom have declared themselves indebted to good and invisible agents for the wisdom of their laws; for many valuable discoveries in physic, for warnings, predictions, and extraordinary deliverances (Cicero de Divinatione). 'I know not,' he says, 'any one nation, polite or barbarous, which does not hold that some persons have the gift of foretelling future events' (Ibid. Lib. 1). But I chiefly confine myself here to Celestial visions, answerable to the following work, and which are by no means to be considered on the level with apparitions, whether of ghosts departed, or of Spirits of any other order; these last being of a far inferior kind to the first; and yet it will not be going far out of my way to speak a few words of the latter. There is a climax in God's works of nature, or a scale ascending from the lowest to the highest of them, till they terminate in the great adorable Original, Who is the Alpha and Omega of the universe. From these gradations, discovered or discoverable in the natural world, we may, from analogy, conclude that the like progression takes place in the Spiritual worlds, and that there is not that wide chasm between one and the other that is generally supposed; but that the most refined part of the material meets the grossest part of the immaterial system of beings; and, consequently, that there are spirits very near us, though not discernible by us, except when, according to certain unknown laws of their existence, or the particular will of the Lord, they become manifested to us either visibly, or audibly; and highly credible it is that all nature is peopled with them in its several regions



of the air and earth, and its subterraneous dwellings, according to their classes, subordinations, and allotments.* Milton justly expresses himself on this subject as follows:—"Think not, though men were none, that Heaven would want spectators, God want praise; millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep, &c." Now to argue against their existence from their being inconspicuous, is an absurd conclusion for men who pretend to philosophy; especially when all know what a new world of animalculæ invisible before, has been discovered to us by the improved microscope; and who will say that the natural† eye of man is incapable of such further assistance as may enable us to discern the subtle vehicles of certain spirits, whether consisting of air or ether; certain it is, that either by condensation or some other way, they can make themselves visible and converse with us, as man with man; and so innumerable are the instances thereof, as also of their discoveries, warnings, predictions, &c., that I may venture to affirm, with an appeal to the public for the truth of it, that there are few ancient families in any county of Great Britain, that are not possessed of records or traditions of the same in their own houses, however the prevailing Sadduceism of these times may have sunk the credit of them, as well as in a great measure cut off communications of this kind. These spirits are of both sorts, like men on earth, good and bad; as to the latter, they are the agents of Satan to promote the interests of his king.

* The pious author of this Preface here seems, agreeably to the popular belief, to recognize the existence of spirits not originally derived from the human race. But though the opinion is supported by the authority of Milton it is clearly shewn in the following work that all spirits whatever came first into existence as men, on this, or some other earth. But this fact does not militate against the position that there are spirits of very different orders and classes, besides angels, or the inhabitants of Heaven, and devils or the inhabitants of hell; and that they operate with most power, respectively, in different localities, corresponding to their states. All that the author of this Preface advances respecting spirits, not immediate inhabitants either of Heaven or hell is perfectly true, when understood of the various classes of spirits whose abode is in, what is called in the following work, the world of spirits where are all prepared for their final home, either in the Heavenly or infernal regions. These, as is shown in the following work, are the immediate spiritual associates of men in the world. N.—(The Editor, Rev. S. Noble).

† The learned writer of this Preface, here again speaks according to the ordinary views of philosophers and divines. It is, however, clearly shown in the following work that it is impossible for spirits to be seen by the natural eye; and that when they are made visible to man, it is not by clothing themselves with vehicles of air or ether and condensing these into a visible, natural substance; but by the opening of the sight of man's spirit, before which spirits are seen as plainly in their own spiritual substance and proper form, as are natural objects before man's sight.—N.

(Had the noble editor heard of the "Rochester Rappings," and lived in this our day before penning the above notes, he probably might have reversed his judgment and sailed with the tide of Modern Spiritualism—might have learned that the two worlds now blend more visibly; and that, like the great Box and foreign Tunnels, a superb work has been accomplished by simultaneous operations on both ends or sides;—that instead of men stepping out of their bodies and peering into Spirit Land, the Invisibles are clothing themselves from earthly looms and mundane contrivances, and meeting humanity half way, so as to come *en rapport* and appear tangible; yea and become audible; and it is to be hoped may prove so substantial as to be capable of being reproduced and multiplied, and preserved when absent by the photographic experiments now in operation).—W. L. S.

dom, and like their chief 'go to and fro in the earth, walking up and down in it' (Job, 1c. 7v.), seeking whom they may deceive and destroy. These are enemies to good men, and the willing associates of men of evil dispositions, over whom they have great power through the consent of their will, but none otherwise, practising upon their minds and understanding, 'with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved' (2 Thess. 2c. 10v.) This power of enticing, prompting and instigating such as become their willing captives to all kinds of evil, and the heinous sin of the latter, in freely surrendering themselves into their hands to be practised upon, stand confessed even in the form of proceeding in our courts of judicature in the case of atrocious delinquents, it being part in the charge of indictment, that they did such and such things at the instigation of the devil, inferring it as the aggravation of their crime that they could choose the service of so bad a master."

It will be seen by the editorial notes placed below that Mr. Noble differed somewhat in opinion from various statements made as above where marked; and endeavors, by explanations and corrections, to place himself to more advantage with the reader, as with a better understanding of his author; but to Modern Spiritualists it is presumed Mr. Hartley's comments will receive the preference, as coming closer to present discoveries, although both may be found to differ and stand greatly aloof, when flashed upon by the brighter lights of "Séances, Clairvoyance, Trance, and Mediumship." Hitherto, it would seem, no glimpses of the Higher Life, or the interiors of nature could be obtained, unless a spiritual eye were opened; but now by angels and mortals working in unison and amalgamating, the Spirits can frame natural channels, so as to render themselves both visible and audible. Now this is a progress that neither Swedenborg nor his commentators could scarcely have anticipated, and therefore much that was written is now rendered nugatory and almost obsolete; conjecture being lost in Actuality, and Surmise and Presumption absorbed by living tests and proofs. And should the Spirit Photographs be stripped of all doubt and deception, nothing then will be wanting to place the whole mystery in a tangible and eligible form, so that the sneerer must change countenance, and the sceptic yield assent and belief.

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town, South Africa.

(To be concluded in our next).

A MESSAGE THROUGH A WRITING MEDIUM.

THE following sentences are extracts from messages received from the spirit of a young minister who passed away some years ago. They have come to us through the mediumship of Miss F. J. Theobald, 1, Undercliffe, St. Leonard's-on-Lea, a lady who has, on several occasions, favored us with communications.

The extracts bear upon the very face of them the look of reality and sincerity, and from what we know personally of Miss Theobald, we should say that they bear no trace of being the offspring of her mind. We are fully persuaded of their Spiritualistic source :—

"I am glad to come and bear my testimony for the first time through an earthly medium. I was greatly surprised and gratified, that on entering the spirit-world I found myself actively engaged, not only in religious duties, but in all the favorite pursuits of life. In fact this life was the sequel to—the carrying out of the life I began, but imperfectly, on your earth. The trials and difficulties were valuable, as urging me on to further efforts; that is, because the body is such a clog to the spirit. Now here, unlogged by the material, my own yearning for knowledge urges me on. Daily, hourly, have I learnt, and my spirit has expanded.

Regarding religious matters, I found very soon, that the creeds and sectarianisms of earth life are but the out-shoots of the spirit enshackled, seeking after—feeling (as it were in the dark) for truth. Truth is different to different minds. It is so even here, much more so than with you. Here, the one belief, as far as I find, is that the God of the Universe is PERFECT LOVE. All things are attuned to this love. All is beauty and harmonious. What was dark and mysterious on earth, all passes and shines out in the Light of God's love and truth.

It is no hindrance to us to come and talk with you thus; but the contrary; for we grow in sympathy with all worlds by communicating with them.

Spiritualism in its present grand phase is doing much. In fact, it is the preparation or pioneer for Christ's personal reign on earth, and God's Kingdom thus is to be re-established. Christ's life on earth, as given in the Bible, was but the beginning.

This is the beginning of the end of the reign of evil. Thus it is that all the evil rises up to fight; but by rising up, it shall be met and overcome. Therefore it is not Spiritualism that has brought the evil to light; but the rising up of the strong hold of truth, which has brought it out to be fairly combated. Pray fervently and always; for so shall good prevail, by the effectual fervent prayer of righteous men. Spiritualism is teaching that.

It is indeed, a noble office to help to raise the spirit of man higher towards his Father God, to help to train the weak and erring child of earth. This I longed to do as a minister on earth; I can do it far better now, as a spirit, as long as I can get control over a medium. I am wishing to influence my sister (on earth); but it must be done cautiously, carefully, for it is not all minds can accept the truth of Spiritualism, and some who do accept it are very incautious; they forget, or do not at once recognize the fact, that a spirit is by no means infallible; and are apt to take all for gospel. This is a great error, and leads to untold deceptions. When once spirit-communion is accepted in its proper way, as a means of help to higher life, but not to supersede the inner revelation from God's spirit, or the teachings of the Bible, then will the truth shine through error, and the real use of Spiritualism become apparent. When I was on earth, we used to speak so much of the old theological notions. I find here the dogmas of man are so many hindrances to a higher life. In fact, the freer the mind is to receive the knowledge of God's love, to bask ever in that genial light, the less will the dark shades of conventional religion find room or sway; and so shall the spirit be trained onward to its spirit home.

We have no sects here, but variety of opinions, all hinged upon the one truth of Christ's Deity, oneness, and thus mediatorship with the great essence of all life, the God, the Father over all. We see here that Spiritualism is from God; that the amount of self-will on the part of the sceptical man must be well overcome, and this is a great

and arduous task to effect. Good is arising, but as yet the public side of Spiritualism has more that is repulsive in it than winning. This will pass away, for as it becomes familiar, the vulgar curiosity will cease and then will the higher spirits gain calmer way."

SOME SEANCES WITH MR. HOME SOME YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

It seems to me that some remarkable *seances* at which I have been present, and as remarkable manifestations that have been experienced by me, and which have not yet been recorded, ought to be so. I, therefore, proceed to note down a few of these.

In the summer of 1862 we went to take leave of the first Mrs. Home—then not expected to live long, at the house of Mrs. Parks, in Regent's Park. Mrs. Home, in a weak state, yet was present, being laid on a sofa, by which was placed the table at which the *seance* took place. There were present, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson, a foreign gentleman whose name I have forgotten, Mrs. Parks, Mr. Home, my wife and myself. After tea we sat down at the table near Mrs. Home. It was by full daylight. We had not sat long when something fell behind me with a great crash. "There," I said, "Mrs. Parks, some vase or something of the kind has fallen." "Don't trouble yourselves," she replied; "It is only an Indian idol that the spirits have thrown down; it is of bronze, and won't take any harm. The spirits are fond of throwing them down and knocking them about."

I looked behind me, and saw a chiffonier on which was ranged a number of bronze idols, which Mrs. Parks had brought from the East Indies; but already we heard the one thrown down being rolled about under the table, and presently it was rapped out, "Tread on it; that is the way to treat idolatry." Then commenced a screwing, or rather an unscrewing. "They are the spirits," said Mrs. Parks, "who are unscrewing the idol, which is in three pieces, and it is curious that though the Indian screws run the opposite way to European ones, the spirits know that, being Indian spirits who do it." Presently I saw a small brown hand putting up the head of the idol betwixt myself and my neighbor. I took the head from the small brown, no doubt Indian, hand, and laid it on the table; it was a head of Mahadeo, with the head of a cobra capella expanded over it. It seemed to me to weigh three or four pounds. After it had been examined by the different members of the company, it was put down again, and the same, or a similar little brown hand, took it. There was then a screwing heard and soon the idol was rolled out from under the table compactly put together again.

After this, Mrs. Home asked the spirits to give, through her, some small thing or other to each of the persons present as a souvenir of the occasion. Immediately flowers were put into her hand by the spirits, which she handed to her friends sitting round the table. Nobody saw the flowers or sprigs of plants come, with one exception—a carnation that flew across the room from a vase of cut flowers in a far corner, and fell before Mrs. Wilkinson. This drew attention to the vase, and then it was discovered that the flowers secretly conveyed to Mrs. Home had been taken from this vase.

To Mrs. Howitt had been given a sprig of the cut-leaved geranium, so common in bouquets on account of its scent. I took it, and said I would plant it on the principle of a man who once came to a *seance* of the Davenport's, at the Hanover Square Rooms. This man, on returning home from a previous *seance*, related the wonders he had seen, when he found himself only laughed at; and told that the things he thought he saw never

took place; that he had simply been biologized, and made to fancy he saw them. To satisfy himself on this head, the man appeared at the next *séance* at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, producing a black porter bottle, said he wanted the spirits to break it, and then he would take the pieces home, and if they remained in the cupboard where he should lock them up, he should know that he had not been biologized—it was all real. The spirits complied with his wishes, and the bottle was dashed upon the floor repeatedly by invisible hands, and was finally broken to pieces, but not without difficulty, for the man seemed to have selected the thickest bottle he could find. He carefully picked up the pieces into his handkerchief and carried them off, and if he be living, I have no doubt has them and shows them now.

Following this sensible fellow's good example, I planted the sprig of geranium, which grew famously, and in the course of twelve months was become a bush of at least half a yard high. And this now connects itself with another *séance*, which took place at Mrs. Gregory's, in Grafton Place, Bond Street. It was nearly twelve months after the *séance* at Mrs. Parks's. As I recollect there were present at it, Ladies Paulett and Gomm, Mrs. Cowper, Home, Ruskin, Mr. Ellis, a clergyman, Colonel (then Captain) Drayson, Mrs. Howitt and myself, and our hostess.

During this *séance* Mr. Home recited a poem, called "The entrance of Southey, the Poet, into the Spirit-Land," as dictated by himself to an American medium. As he repeated it the table rose with two feet into the air, and with the other two beat time to the rhythm of the poem on the floor. At a particular passage, with words to this effect, "And when I opened my eyes, a thrill went through me," the table gave such a thrill and shake that even Home started back, and said, "If it acts so violently I can't go on."

At the conclusion of the recitation, Mr. Ruskin asked whether he should recite a poem, and he was begged to do so. Whose the poem was I do not know, but it began with words to this effect, "O Christ, save my soul, if Thou think'st it worth the saving." The table, as Mr. Ruskin commenced his recitation, reversed its action. Mr. Ruskin sat on the opposite side to Mr. Home, and the table, rising on the opposite feet, beat time to the rhythm of this poem, too. When it had ceased, I asked whether any one had noticed a peculiar beating of the time, besides that of the table feet, namely, one with a metallic sound, as of a small bar of steel struck upon metal. "Yes," said Mr. Ruskin, at once, "I know the meaning of that sound. It is descriptive of the state of my mind when I committed that poem to memory; when the earth was as iron, and the heavens were as brass to me."

This was a very remarkable *séance*, but it led to one still more remarkable—one connected with the sprig of geranium, now become a bush. As we were about to take leave, Mr. Home said, "I am coming up to Highgate on the 7th of July." I said, "But we shall not be in town then." "Yes, you will," he replied, "or the spirits would not send me." "Very well," I said; "if we are at home, which I don't believe, we shall be glad to see you." However, something had prevented our leaving town, as we had fixed, and duly in the evening of the 7th of July, Mr. Home made his appearance, accompanied by Mrs. Cowper and Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson.

On entering the room, where tea was set out, Mr. Home noticed the bush of geranium, which was placed in its pot, in the centre of the table. I do not think any one had mentioned the growth of this plant to him, and we meant to surprise him by it. But he said immediately, "Ah! I see that is the geranium that you planted after the *séance* at Mrs. Parks's." "How do you know that?" we asked. "Because," he said, "I see starry lights all about it."

During tea this bush was shaken by invisible hands so strongly that it diffused the odour of it throughout the room. I believe the day was the anniversary of the decease of Mrs. Home. After tea we adjourned to the library, the next room, lying at an angle with this room, but with a wide open door-way. Mr. Home pushed a round table near to a window looking into the garden; the geranium in its pot was placed in the centre of this table. Immediately Mrs. Howitt asked that sprigs of this geranium might be broken off by the spirits, and one presented to each of the persons present. Assent was instantly rapped out, and we all saw the branches of the shrub bent down on different sides as by invisible hands endeavoring to break sprigs from them. Mr. Home, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mrs. Howitt, all declared that they saw two beautiful hands and arms as belonging to a lady, but seeming of alabaster internally suffused with light. The rest of us only saw the agitation of the shrub. The hands were supposed to be those of the late Mrs. Home.

As there was a strong evening light coming directly through the window from the west, the attempt to break the shrub did not succeed, and at once the pot and its bush rose from the table and descended between it and the window seat, where there was deep shadow. We then heard the boughs of the shrub snapping and cracking, but unsuccessfully. I then said, "Ah! I see you don't know everything in that world of yours. You must slip off the sprigs at the joints." The advice was immediately adopted, and one after another sprigs of the geranium, nicely slipped off, were put up to the rim of the table by a hand, and were distributed to the several persons present.

This done, the table began to be shaken as if by laughter, the alphabet was called for, and a spirit said he wanted to ask a favor of Mrs. Howitt. She replied that she would grant it if she could. He then said, "I want Mrs. Howitt to give that geranium to my mother." Mrs. Cowper (who said that the spirit was that of her nephew, then about six months departed to the spirit-life) said, "No, George, that cannot be; the geranium must remain here where it was planted." On this the table renewed its extraordinary motion as if made by a person laughing, and the spirit said, "Oh, I only wanted to see what Mrs. Howitt would say."

Immediately the table rose from the floor, was suddenly turned with its top perpendicular and facing the window, the large flower-pot and its projecting bush remaining as if screwed to the surface, and two gold rings, which had been laid on the table also, remaining as if made fast to the surface. This was surprising enough, but to enhance the wonder, the table in this position was jerked forward as if with the intention of pitching the flower-pot and its contents through the window. All, however, remained fast and unmoved; and the table was then turned four different ways with the top perpendicular, and the same jerk each time repeated. Then the original position of the table was resumed, and it was gently let down to the floor.

Scarcely, however, was this effected, when the table once more rose up, and this time so high that only Mr. Wilkinson could reach its top. The rest of us were entreated to hold it by the feet, and in this manner it suddenly and rapidly sailed away into the next room, and placed itself over the table on which we had taken tea. There it remained, and I observed, "I suppose the spirits are resting themselves by setting the volent table on the other;" but on feeling at the feet we found them at least two inches above the surface of the tea-table. The table with the flower-pot upon it was, in fact, suspended in the air, where it remained some minutes, and then, as suddenly and more rapidly, sailed back again to the library, leaving me sticking between the tea table and a sofa, and only able to hurry after it to see it depositing itself in the middle of the room in the most easy manner.

Here we assembled round it in a state of astonishment which may be imagined, but our wonder was not at an end. As we thus stood, we observed the chairs, from the different sides of the room, as if self-moved, advancing towards the table. An easy chair on castors came very blithely bowling along, and the rest glid over the carpet like autonomic or spirit-instinct ones, such as we dream of in some distant day of spiritually enlightened science, when all the troubles of servanthood will end in a revolution of autonomic maids, and cooks, and valets, who will fly at your slightest commands, evince an almost heavenly pleasure in obliging you, and give no warnings except that the dinner waits or some friends have called; that the children are all put by the autonomic nurse to bed—a nurse graceful as a fairy and gentle as a Zephyr, having the most admirable hinges and joints in her limbs, and a head working out thoughts and cares by the most exquisite psychic force, or what Mr. Oliphant, in his *Coming Race*, would call “vill.”

But to return from the pleasant dreams of future mechanical development under the guidance of ghostly science, to present reality. Having seated ourselves on the chairs thus politely handed by the invisibles, a book was suddenly put over a lady's shoulder, which, being opened, proved to be one of Captain Marryatt's stories, with a leaf turned down somewhere in *Jacob Faithful*. Wondering for what purpose such a book could be selected by the spirits, “Oh,” said Mr. Cowper, “that is George again. Captain Marryatt was, of all authors, his favorite; no doubt the leaf is turned down at some incident that has greatly amused him.” The book had been taken from a shelf behind, in which the books were particularly tightly wedged. It was put back to be examined at leisure, but it was found the next day, on referring to it, that the folded leaf had been again put straight.

It was now announced by the spirits that the *seance* was at an end. Several of the party heard, as it were, a bird whistling near the ceiling, and all was over.—*Spiritual Magazine* for September.

SOCIAL AND PUBLIC HYPOCRISY.

ERROR, sin and selfishness always favor a covert and hidden life and policy; truth, virtue and humanity a revealed, open, out-spoken course. Silence is the sign of death; the word the proof of life. Ignorance, sensuality and crime are always hushing the truth to sleep, and smoothing down the counterpane, walking about on tip-toe, darkening the windows and making an artificial night. If they make any noise it is like the frightened bird's, to divert attention from her own nest; or, like the Pharisees, praying loudly in the corners of the street, while their confederates are silently robbing and murdering in the recesses of the dwellings. Polished ignorance, refined sensuality and sublimated crime are like their coarser sisters, and are in unconscious league with them. They are all in favor of washing the outside of the cup and platter that nobody may suspect the poison within; of grassing over and whitening the sepulchres that it may not be noticed what dead men's bones are striving to tell. They object to explorations and light, the application of costly tests and laborious lustrations. They grudge the money it costs to bring murderers and robbers to light.

If there is a plague or cholera or fever in the city they would bribe the venal portion of the Press and Board of Health to suppress the truth, that the visits of traders might not be diminished. Society is with them a thing to be managed; and truth is to be given, not like food, but like medicine—by grains and scruples and under professional direction—not with every meal and at the option and measure of the appetite. It is true, religious Phariseism is not the crying sin of our day—but social Phariseism is. We are not so much wishing to pass ourselves off for religious people, when we are not; but

to pass ourselves off for respectable people, and people of good social standing, when we are not. Nobody is respectable who is trying to seem anything he is not, whether it be richer, wiser, better, or more pious. He is so far forth a hypocrite. And he may be this by concealing his convictions and opinions, his conduct and behaviour, his circumstances and means. If he think customs, institutions and practices weak, wicked or injurious, and fail to say so; if he disbelieves popular creeds and continues to support them; if he see his neighbor practicing vices and follies and smiles treacherously on his guilt; if he perceive others to be dealing with him under a mistake as to his resources, and holds his tongue; if he live luxuriously at the cost of those who confide in him, he is, in every case, a hypocrite.

Our community is full of social Phariseism—of smothered fact and hollow pretension, and hood-winked reality. We are not in the habit of believing the truth safe, reality the policy of society, fact the basis of life. There is an amazing delicacy in the exposure of the simple truth. It must be covered up in a dozen wrappings before it can appear in safety and honor.

It is the hardest thing in the world to get down to the unyielding, bare reality. In an age which boasts of its courage and frankness, there is little dependence upon what rumor or society says. Visit the houses of fashion, and you know not whether you are seeing and admiring the property and taste of your host, or what is hired or mortgaged. Walk in the most quiet and orderly streets, and you do not know that gamblers and women of shame are not watching behind the drawn blinds of decorous houses. Buy the best reputed stocks in the market, and discover, at the time you ask your dividend, that you have got an unlawful certificate. Entertain a stranger of talents and parts, and a few months reveal his letters of introduction to be forgeries.

And thus hollowness and fraud and hypocrisy can go on, and the respectability and virtue and sincerity of the community make no outcry, protest or exposure! And why? Because it is troublesome, costly and vain. What is the use, we say, of complaining of what can't be helped? Yes; but why cannot it be helped except that we made ourselves parties to the iniquity and hollowness and corruption years and years ago, and did not protest and complain then when it would have cost us some stoppage in our business, our ambition or our ease? We were willing there should be no inconvenient stir then; willing not to be noticed and observed much in our own concerns; willing to wink at small sins and follies and to countenance moderate pretences and hypocrisies! But we never thought it would come to this. And so we held our tongues when we should have thundered, and smiled when we should have frowned, and cheered when we should have groaned, and read what we should have thrown into the fire, and voted for what we should have protested against, and imitated what we should have denounced. And so we have kept the truth in leading-strings! So we have lost courage, conscience, inward impulse, faith in goodness, faith in God. See how it has gone with us through this suppression of conviction, this covert, hidden way, along which our moral feelings have groined.

Not merely in public concerns have we missed our mark, but in the education of our children and in the prospects of domestic virtue and happiness have we darkened our homes. Suppose we had everywhere spoken out as we felt conscience prompted in the matter of slavery, from the very origin of serious agitation on that subject, could it ever have come to be the rock on which the country came so near splitting to pieces? Should we, after a bloody war, costing half a million of lives, be still fearing that the subtle, ceaseless secret machinations of Southern politicians sustained by Northern confederates as dark and plotting as themselves and vastly more iniquitous, would yet succeed in making the public faith void and Republicanism a failure? Had we at the

start said what we thought of the folly and guilt of putting men into municipal place and office in the almost regal government of our city, who wanted reputations for common honesty, should we have been forced to bow our heads with shame and horror over the disgusting practices of a Ring of thieves and knaves—either in actual power or confederates of theirs?

Suppose we had spoken out from the first against the extravagance, the ostentation, the vanity and folly of street-dress, and fully indulged our instinctive aversion and heart-felt ridicule at the ball-room attire in which what should be modest women appear, or the wasteful hospitality, the ruinous risk, the bankrupt extravagance of our social fashion, should we now have come to think it hopeless to correct what civilized Europe, not to say Christian morality, regards with mingled laughter and indignation? Had we expressed in time our derision for the extravagant and absurd manner in which children are dressed—curled and flounced and made miniatures of grown-up fashion—their health exposed by uncovered limbs, their vanity stimulated, their modesty and humility imperilled, their simplicity flung to the winds—should we be in despair about a coming generation worthy to claim their own grandmothers, or perpetuate virtue, prudence and domestic peace? No! we have no business to cover our convictions, repress and hide our testimony, whatever the cost of expressing it may be, against the sins and follies of the world and of the age. And we are reaping now the consequences of our silence and our complicity with wrong.

For if we cover the truth and hide the testimony of our consciences against the sins and perils of our time and place, we may be sure that they will force themselves into the light by the fearful consequences they carry in their dark bosoms. Silence, the compromising temper, the winking at wrong, the evasion of responsibility, the neglect of criticism—all are acting upon the vice and ignorance and spiritual darkness and depravity of this community as the wadding and ramrod act upon the charge of a cannon, pushing it into closer and darker quarters, only to increase its explosive and destroying power. For this is one of the most alarming peculiarities of the present state of things among us, that we are professedly a moral, respectable people, having a great regard for appearances, generously sustaining churches and charities, putting down lotteries, gambling-houses and haunts of shame, closing drinking shops on the Sabbath, sustaining a costly police, and, in short clothing ourselves in garments of apparent virtue and purity. And what does this external pretension and polish of the surface amount to? The drinking shops that are not found in are now found under or adjoining the places of public amusement; the gambling is carried on in spots which the police can pretend not to see or know. A new market, a street railroad, the grading of a street, any measure, in short, claiming to be for the public benefit cannot be examined into too closely. It is the rottenness of the state, this shining outside and filthy interior which is so alarming. If our vice and corruption and wickedness were not associated with external decency, respectability and energy, it would be less critical. But when we are associating on equal terms with men who may be plotting our ruin, when the community owes many of its triumphs and much of its enterprise to men whom it suspects of being in league with villains, to what a pitch of peril have we not arrived?

It is idle to say we have no duties and no powers under such a state of society. Our past negligence and selfish avoidance of responsibility have complicated and increased our difficulties, without in the least diminishing the necessity of relief, or changing the mode of cure. There must be no more pleasant self-delusion about the actual perils and depravities of this hypocritical state of society. Pretence, externality, mere surface honesty, hypocrisy reign. We must begin to call things by their right names. We must dash down the disguises, wash off the paint, tear open the forgeries, probe the secrets. We can and we must

arouse ourselves, and see that these things go no further. Every man must call his brother to the rescue. We must deal plainly with our own faults and sins, and place ourselves in position to talk effectively and act decisively in regard to the sins and follies of those about us.—*Liberal Christian.*

OPEN COUNCIL.

“One man’s word is no man’s word,
Justice needs that both be heard.”

(The Editor does not feel himself responsible for the opinions of contributors to the Open Council, but only for their good faith.)

THE DIVINE MAN.

A recent publication from the pen of Mr. M. Arnold points out that a large part of Isaiah was written when the Jews, held captive at Babylon, were looking for deliverance at the hands of the Persians, who were approaching Babylon under the leadership of Cyrus.

These portions of Isaiah are full of prophecies which Christ Himself, and all of us after Him, repeat as prophetic announcements of His coming; while Isaiah wrote them as applying primarily to events which would gather round this coming to Babylon of Cyrus, the expected deliverer of the Jews.

The reader will not misunderstand. Isaiah, through the Spirit of God, wrote words fitted to describe for all time the coming of the Saviour of men; while the direct meaning he himself saw in those words was a prophetic announcement of events to follow the coming of Cyrus, with an army, to free the Jews captive at Babylon;—and these are words many of which the Messiah applies to Himself, and as written of Him. Believers in the Bible as a book of sacred authority, may, in view of these statements, assert that they do not believe them; or they must be prepared to acknowledge that Christ Himself, and we after Him, understand and use the words of Isaiah in a different primary sense from that in which Isaiah understood and used them. In our thoughts the application of these words to the deliverance of the Jews, is lost in their application to a greater deliverance. Admitting the differences between our understanding of his words, and that of Isaiah, we may say, no doubt, that the Bible is not open to similar criticism with other books; and that it is enough for us to find that the prophetic utterances of Isaiah do apply to the expected Messiah, without being too curious to enquire the primary meaning Isaiah himself saw in these utterances. But this does not seem wholly satisfactory. Assured as we may be that the Bible is the crown of books, we would rather behold it as differing in degree, than in kind, from others.

As I have pointed out in previous papers, we can easily comprehend that difference of bodily position, and bodily constitution, will make each different individual see in a different way, and form therefore a different judgment, and give a different account, of a collision in the streets. Can we possibly attribute the difference between the way in which we read Isaiah's words, and the way in which he read them, to such cause as the above? To attribute our different readings to such a cause, seems, at first, wholly impossible; but a little consideration will I think remove this seeming impossibility. Let us consider, then, whether differences of bodily position and constitution will account for Isaiah having written words suggested by the coming of Cyrus to Babylon, and our seeing in the words he wrote utterances suggested by the coming of Cyrus in the first and minor degree only; while in the second and major degree, we see in his words utterances suggested by the coming of the universal Messiah. Let us consider whether possibly Isaiah and ourselves are really observing the doings of the same MAN, and that we read more truly the words he wrote when we apply them to the Messiah primarily, than he reads them, when he applies them primarily to the redemption of the Jews from Babylonish captivity. If we make the three following admissions, we shall, I think, perceive, that Isaiah in writing prophetically concerning the expected coming of Cyrus to Babylon, may have indeed seen, and written prophetically concerning events which gather about the saving action among men, of the God-Man. If we make these three admissions we shall, I think, perceive, that both Isaiah who wrote the words and saw in them primarily their more confined sense; and we who read them, and lose sight of the confined sense, in the blaze of the broad one, really regard the actions of the same MAN; and that the narrower, and broader views taken, are in reality solely due to our positions differing by time as well as space.

The *first* admission I refer to is, that God is the one sole Author of all things. The *second* admission, that His approach to man is always in the triune form, of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The *third* admission, that in the province of the mysterious Father we see enfolded the Authorship of evil things, as well as good; in that of the Son (or of God revealed through humanity) we behold God wholly hostile to things we recognise as evil, and wholly loving of things we recognise as good.

When we thus behold God and His creation, we see that He who defends the weak and the oppressed, the fatherless and the widow—that He who rescues from the idolators who hold them captive, those among men or nations who are worshippers of the true God—we see in any

such Saviour and Defender, a mask veiling God the Son. And if we had the eyes given us by which we could distinguish the wholly Messianic work, we could write down and correctly describe, certain features of God, revealed through humanity; of the God-Man, the Redeemer. Oliver Cromwell delivered England from kingly oppression. Washington delivered America from English oppression. The pilgrim fathers delivered those who followed them from religious oppression. These men did these works, which we recognize as good, while they also did many other works, which we recognize as evil. Among works thus compounded of good and evil, there is a vein of pure human goodness which wise men recognise as good for all time. This vein of work, is the work done by the God Man veiled in Oliver Cromwell, Washington, and the pilgrim fathers. Cromwell himself recognised the truth of such a statement as this when he bid his daughter love only "the Christ in her husband."

Now any one inspired to see and describe this divine vein of work only, would be enabled to write a chapter in the sacred history of the God-Man; and he writes most nearly a book of eternal duration in writing about Cromwell, Washington, and the pilgrim fathers, who most nearly confines his record to this Divine History alone. In the case of the collision in the streets, the real poet, or true prophet sees in it, and records, the courage it calls forth, in himself and others, the readiness for self-sacrifice—those incidents which make our hearts burn with love for our fellows, with the hot desire to lose ourselves in them, or be as nothing that they may be all things. In the case of the collision, the true poet sees and records these "Divine Human" results. The true poet has his heart ablaze from the heart of the God-Man who with His ire at poltroonry, and His fire of life which He pours into bravery—into self lost in love—lives veiled in the incidents of the collision. The true poet sees and feels the work of the God-Man in the collision, and writing a few lines rosy with His history gives us to drink of the cup of life. This he does from the vantage of his higher spiritual stand-point alone, while we are dazed and lost in the noise, in dust, in sparks struck from hoofs, and flying fragments. But when the spiritual stand-points from which we observe are parted by time, as well as space; when prophetic words gathering round the rescue a Cyrus is to bring to enslaved Jews, are subsequently applied by a Messiah to Himself, and the appropriateness of their application is seen by us, we behold the events we are studying, in common with the prophet, through eyes still farther parted by position from his. With the advantage of a stand-point distant in time, as well as space, from that of Isaiah, we

perceive that events passed before the eyes of Isaiah, writing about which, he prepared the mind of his race to receive, and nurture, a Messiah, whose personal coming would unveil the hidden glory in his words; would show plainly that the fire with which they burned was the recorded life and deeds of Him who saves men from a captivity worse than that of Babylon, from a terror worse than death,—from the captivity of evil desires, and the terror of sin.

Have I said enough! If God (the Father) is moving everything, He is in all events. If the Divine Man is One with Him, then is the Divine Man in all events. The Divine Man alone leads us to God (the Father), and the Divine Man therefore we must first seek. However much God (the Father) may send His sun to shine, and His rain to descend, on just and unjust alike, the Divine Man, out of love for the offender, changes these blessings into curses, till the unjust repents himself of his injustice. The Divine Man pours out appeaseless wrath upon the sinner, so long as he loves his sin; and tenderness immeasurable upon him when he turns from it. Through the love God the Father bears us, we are born lovers of self, that through the love we bear the Son, we may turn from our selfishness; and we must read the deeds of the Father, through the deeds of the Son. With one example of my meaning, taken from Isaiah's prophecies, I must close my remarks. The Son is the Divine Man—the God-man—He comes to rectify the world, to give it a new heart and a new order. Isaiah sits expectant that the coming Cyrus will free the Jews from their slavery; and hearing spiritually, the sighs and groans of the captives taken up by shouts and laughter, he is elate with this Divine Human victory and utters the sublime song in Chapter 61, v. 1, 2, which the God-Man afterwards (see Luke 4c. 18. 19v.) points out as His own to the very words. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

HORACE FIELD, B.A.,

30, Thurlow Road: Hampstead, London.
N.W.

NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S DEBATABLE LAND.—No. 9.

(Concluded from Page 151).

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT MANIFESTING HERSELF (Part 3).
SOME two weeks after the receipt of Mrs. B——'s second letter, namely, on the thirteenth of March, 1860, in the forenoon, I called on Mr. Charles Foster, to whose

mediumship I have already referred. A lady well and favorably known to the literary world, and whom I shall call Miss P——, accompanied me. The visit was at her request, as she had never witnessed any spiritual phenomena whatever; but had heard much about them, and desired to judge for herself. She had never seen Mr. Foster.

I mentioned to Mr. Foster, in a general way, that I had recently received, from a stranger at a distance, an alleged communication from a spirit, which had passed away many years before; but I studiously withheld the name and all clue to personal identity, adding, however, that I should be glad if, through him, any further test could be given.

During the first part of the session Mr. Foster addressed himself entirely to Miss P——. The incredulous look with which that lady sat down soon changed to one of seriousness, then of deepest feeling. The test she received that day led to researches which made her a Spiritualist for life.

Then he turned suddenly to me: "Mr. Owen, I see a spirit—a lady—standing beside you, perhaps the same of whom you spoke to me. She holds in her hands a basket of flowers. Ah! that is peculiar; they are all violets."

I.—"Does she communicate her name?"

Mr. Foster paused. After a time, "No," he said, "but she has taken one of the flowers—a single violet—and laid it before you: Has all this any meaning for you?"

"Yes."

"But we ought to get the name. I usually do."

And at his request, I wrote down seven female baptismal names, including that of Violet, taking care not to pause more at one than the other.

Mr. Foster took the paper, and, with a single glance at it, tore off each name separately; rolled them up into small pellets and threw these down on a pile of pellets (some twelve or fourteen) which he had previously made, some of them being blank. There were thus about twenty pellets in all. He bade me take them up and hold them in my open hand, under the table. I did so. After a time he said to me: "The spirits desire to have your hat under the table." Accordingly he put it there, but immediately replaced both his hands on the table, saying: "Spirit, when you have selected the pellet, will you let us know by rapping." About a minute passed when the raps sounded.

Mr. Foster.—"Shall I take up the hat?"

Answer.—"No."

I.—"Shall I?"

Answer.—"No."

Miss P——.—"Shall I?"

Answer.—"Yes."

Thereupon the table, with a sudden and somewhat violent movement, tilted up on Miss P——'s side, so that without moving from her seat, she could reach the hat from the floor. Therein, lying between two gloves, was the pellet. She handed it to me, and I was about to open it, when Mr. Foster said:

"Please do not open it yet. Let me try if I can get the name written under the table."

He tore off a small piece of thin paper, took that and a pencil in one hand, and held both for twelve or fifteen seconds beneath the table. Then, withdrawing his hand, after a glance at the paper and the remark, "I believe there is a name on it," he handed it to me. The name was in pencil, but I could not make out a single letter. At Mr. Foster's suggestion I held the paper reversed, against the window-pane. Then I read distinctly through the paper from the unwritten side, in minute characters, the name Violet.

Then only I first opened the pellet. The same name there.

I did not suffer Mr. Foster to see either. After a few

seconds his arm seemed slightly convulsed, as if by a feeble electric shock; and he said: "The name is on my arm;" whereupon he bared his left arm to the elbow, and I read thereon distinctly the name VIOLET. I did not, however, pronounce it, but left him to spell it out, letter by letter. The letters looked as if they had been traced by a painter's brush, with pink color. They were about an inch and a quarter in height; printed characters, as if somewhat carelessly done, but perfectly legible; the strokes being about an eighth of an inch in thickness. The first letter was near the elbow joint, and the rest were traced along the inside of the arm; the last letter being on part of the palm next to the wrist, just below the root of the thumb. Miss P—— read the name, deciphering it without any difficulty.

During all the time of these experiments, except at the moment when he placed my hat on the ground, and during the few seconds when he put the paper under the table to have the name written on it, Mr. Foster sat quietly with both hands on the table.

The room was well lighted by two windows.

Miss P—— had never heard Violet's name, nor, as I have already stated, had Mr. Foster.

Here were four tests: not presenting themselves spontaneously indeed, as did those which came to me through Mrs. B——, on the contrary, obtained by aid of a professional medium whom I had visited, hoping for something of the kind: but yet to be judged fairly, by their internal evidence, notwithstanding.

1.—The appearance to Mr. Foster of the basket of flowers, and the single flower laid down before me, when I asked for Violet's name.

2.—The pellet, selected out of twenty, taken from my hand and placed in my hat.

3.—The writing, under the table, of the name so that it read on the reverse side.

And 4.—The name written on the arm.

The peculiarity of the basket containing a single species only of flower, and the name of that species corresponding to the name of the alleged spirit, together with the selection of a single flower when I asked for the name, cannot rationally be ascribed to chance.

As to the pellet, since Mr. Foster had his hands on the table, full in view, it was a physical impossibility that he should have taken it, even if he had known which out of the twenty to select.

As to the writing under the table, though it may be alleged that practice might enable a person to write so that it should read on the reverse side, and that this might have been done with one hand on the knee, yet the writing itself (now before me) seems to refute this. I have just carefully examined it. The paper is nearly as thin as tracing paper; the name is written in a current lady's hand, as if the pencil-point had just lightly touched the surface, the pencil not having sunk at all into the paper; and there is no indication of the writing on the reverse. I do not think it possible for any one, holding a pencil and paper in one hand for fifteen seconds under a table to have produced a word thus written. But, in addition to this, Foster had no clue whatever to the name.

The same is true of the name on the arm, with this added difficulty; the arm having been covered, up to the moment when the medium bared it and showed the name, and his hands up to that time having been seen by us resting quietly on the table, by what possible expedient could he have produced the pink lettering?

During the decade from 1860 to 1870 I have had, through various mediums, numerous communications from Violet: none, however, of any length: the longest being that relative to the birth of Christ. They were usually only brief, cordial messages of affection, or short suggestions on ethical, philosophical, or spiritual subjects. On two occasions, at intervals of years, instead of the name, there was only allusion made to the flower. One of these came through a Boston medium, the other through a lady (not a professional medium) in Washing-

ton city; both being strangers to each other and to Violet's name or history.

Finally, I obtained, by accident, as we say, a remarkable test, differing in character from any of the above.

THE PORTRAIT WITH EMBLEM.

In the spring of 1867, being then in New York, I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Anderson, who, without previous instruction and by spirit influence, as he alleged, had produced likenesses of deceased persons, many of which were recognised by their friends. He stated to me that a clergyman of his acquaintance desired to meet me; and I met him, by appointment, at Mr. Anderson's rooms on the afternoon of the 21st of March.

While we were conversing, Mr. Anderson brought me a large sheet of drawing paper, requesting me to observe that it was blank on both sides, and asking me to tear a small piece from one corner of the sheet, so as to be able to identify it. I tore irregular pieces from two corners. He then requested me to note the hour, and retired to an inner room.

I supposed that I should have a portrait; and, as my father was a well-known man, of whom many engraved likenesses exist, I thought it would probably be one of him, and felt that, under the circumstances, even if it resembled it would be an insufficient test.

But in exactly twenty-eight minutes Mr. Anderson, returning, pinned against the wall a portrait, in pencil, not of my father, but a female head and bust, life-size, which, from its general outline and expression, I recognised at once as Violet's. On looking again, however, the features seemed to me more regular than hers, and the whole face idealised. The pose was graceful: my eye ran over the lines, but was suddenly arrested—could it be? Hardly trusting my senses, I went closer to examine. It was unmistakable. There, as ornament at the lower opening of the dress in front, was the typical flower?

I need not say that I had never made the least allusion to Violet in Mr. Anderson's presence; and that I am convinced he spoke truth when he declared to me that he had never heard of her.

I carefully adjusted the torn fragments of paper to the corners whence I had taken them, and found the proof thus afforded that it was the same sheet I had marked twenty-eight minutes before it re-appeared, absolutely perfect.

I showed the portrait, some days afterward, to my friend, Mr. Carpenter, the artist,* without telling him how I obtained it.

He examined it carefully. "A little out of drawing," he said, "but clever and graceful: peculiar too. A young artist?"

"One without much experience, I believe. How long would a good artist take to make such a portrait?"

That depends upon whether he hit off the likeness at once. If he did and worked hard, he might finish it in a day. But in a general way, it would take two days, perhaps more."

"How if the artist had begun and finished it within half an hour?"

"There is no man living who could do so."

That was my opinion also, supposing the artist left to his own resources: but I was glad to have it confirmed by so competent a judge. I shall be glad to show to any artist or other sincere inquirer, the original portrait, with the attesting fragments, exactly as I obtained it, at the end of the twenty-eight minutes. Upon me these cumulative proofs of identity have produced a profound conviction that Violet has manifested herself; keeping a sacred promise after long years, and sending to me, from another sphere, missives of friendship and words of instruction. I cannot judge what degree of belief this recital of these proofs may create in others. (Page 286).

* Best known as the author of that most truthful and valuable historical painting: *The Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet*.

POETRY.

THE OUTER AND INNER LIFE.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart : try me, and know my thoughts : And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." 139 Psalm, 23, 24, v.

It is not what my hands have done,
That weighs my spirit down,
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown ;
It is not any heinous guilt,
Or vice by men abhorred ;
For fair the fame that I have built,
A fair life's just reward ;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas ! they only see in part,
When thus they judge the whole ;
They cannot look upon the heart,
They cannot read the soul ;
But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame,
Without a deed that men can blame.

They judge by actions which they see
Brought out before the sun ;
But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I've left undone,—
For opportunities of good
In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude
Forgetfulness to pray,—
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
With thoughtfulness and gloom ;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,
Till I escape this doom.
Help me Thou Merciful and Just,
This fearful doom to fly ;
Thou art my Strength, my Hope, my Trust ;—
O help me lest I die !
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

HENRY WARE, D.D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—W. L. Sammons' review of "Heaven Opened" is very cordial. I wish I may deserve the beautiful *Spiritual* names he gives me. One part somewhat amused me. In referring to dear papa's spirit teachings as given in the second part, he remarks that it is "Swedenborgian," that reference should be made "to the great original Mover" of such teachings ; that in this respect, as in others, we should "render to Cæsar the things that are due to him." This remark would not have surprised me if Mr. Sammons attributed the messages to *my own mind* ; but he does not do so ; he accepts them as *bonâ fide* messages from the spirit-land. Therefore I would ask him whether he considers that

Swedenborg holds the same position of high authority on spiritual matters *alone*, in the spirit-land, as he did here? On earth, it is true, he stood nearly alone ; but *not quite*, as Tasso, Jacob Behmen, and a few others had similar experiences (although of a far more limited character) long before Swedenborg lived. So now, as our loved ones gain their spirit home, it is not to Swedenborg they have to go to learn of these matters, within their own personal grasp and knowledge. We know that spirit teachings, as given through various mediums who never heard Swedenborg's name, or saw a line of his writings, confirm the truth of Swedenborg's grand power as a medium ; but assuredly all these teachings *are not* due to Swedenborg alone. In my own experience I can say *emphatically*, that in several cases wonderful descriptions of the spirit-land and teachings of different kinds have been given to me through the spirit writing, which I have *afterwards* met with in some of Swedenborg's works, but of which I knew nothing until taught by my spirit guides.

F. J. THEOBALD.

1, Undercliffe, St. Leonards-on-Sea,
October 6, 1872.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—Permit me as briefly as possible to state my experience of Spiritualism :—

On the 29th of September, wishing to know what it was all about, and whether there was anything in it or not, I called on Miss Lottie Fowler. This was my first investigation. During what I was told was the trance, she related some very accurate incidents of my past life, made statements concerning the future, and also furnished me with a mass of misty information of which I scarcely could make head or tail, and which might or might not be true.

My feeling on leaving her was one of some astonishment, and an anxiety to get something more tangible.

The same night I called on Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, at 16, Old Quebec Street.

This lady was very loth to sit, as she said she felt a lack of power and disinclined.

Being desirous at once to go to the root of the matter, I pressed the point, and the result sent me home in a whirl of bewildered belief.

The guitars, &c., distinctly played all over the room, the ring was put on my arm, instruments into my hand, &c., &c.

A tiny hand pressed my head ; "Home sweet Home" was sung to me, by certainly neither Mr. nor Mrs. Holmes ; and from all parts of the room came evidences of a delightful supernatural.

I tested communications in various satisfactory ways.

The next evening, 30th, I went to Messrs. Herne and Williams.

I told them I was a sceptic and investigator, quite new to it, and indeed I was so behind time and the room so very full that it was only as a favor that I was admitted.

Here I was gently touched in the face, on the head, &c., by what evidently was no mortal power, heard the voices, felt the air, table moving, &c.

I also for the first time in my life beheld a real ghost—spirit, I should say, whose name I gathered was 'Katey King.'

I felt, however, I had not hit off the exact thing yet, the spirits seemed too material.

On the 1st October, I called on Mrs. Olive, at 49, Belmont Street, Chalk Farm Road, and here I come to the point of my letter.

From my first sitting with this lady, I felt I had got comparatively deep into this beautiful reality. I no longer cared to ask for tests, my understanding and conviction were too forcibly appealed to.

Spirit relatives and spirit friends, of whose frequent presence near me I had been informed at the other *séances*, came and spoke to me in terms it is impossible to describe; such as I feel utterly unable to express.

At any rate, I felt I had hit off the right medium at last.

I have since repeatedly visited her, and although I have been to Miss Hudson and also to one of Mr. Morse's *séances*, not one of the others has furnished me with that delight and new life which has been daily poured into me by spirit after spirit at Mrs. Olive's, from that beautiful spirit-land.

I state my own case merely. The disposition or temperament of others may not derive from this medium the deep satisfaction that I have. But I would say to all who are honestly, however sceptically, desirous of investigating this great mystery, and who have got beyond the mere tricky test portion of the business, to go to Mrs. Olive.

They will there find their understanding and conviction powerfully appealed to, and will have the pleasure of listening to the deep convincing tones of truth.

And I trust the time is not far distant when the intrinsic value of Mrs. Olive's at present but little known mediumship, will be appreciated as it deserves to be.

I started as an impartial sceptic ten days ago: if I am not at the present moment an out and out Spiritualist, all I can say is that I am something uncommonly like it.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD ARTHUR SALMOND,

Lieutenant Royal Artillery.

Woolwich, 9th October, 1872.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER NO. 8.

To the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

DEAR SIR,—Your readers will doubtless remember perusing in the August number of this periodical, a letter from Mr. Gillingham, of Chard, on the subject of sham spirit photographs, taken by himself and a friend. He was kind enough, about a fortnight ago, to send me a specimen, and I certainly was surprised that the sight of it should not at once have been perfect evidence to his own mind of the genuineness of those given through Mr. Hudson's mediumship, the dead inertness of the drapery being so totally unlike the spirit garb, in which there is, if I may so term it, a species of *vitality* which is completely wanting in our earthly garments. The comparison of this photograph with the true ones has enabled me to realise as a *visible fact* that which I had already accepted from spirit teaching as a truth, namely, that our clothing in the hereafter is literally woven from the emanations of our life upon earth, thus the numberless texts in Scripture bearing on the subject are not to be considered as merely figures of speech, but as promises to be fulfilled, such as in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Strength and honor are her *clothing*, and *she shall rejoice in the time to come*."

On the 26th September, I was accompanied to Mr. Hudson's by a friend from the country, who had for months previously been continually promised by a godson-relative that he would endeavour to be photographed with her, and to our great satisfaction, on the second negative taken, was the tall figure she hoped for, with the handsome face gently smiling upon her; the countenance is in profile, and although veiled, the expression on it is very apparent. On the upper part of the picture is something like a rich sunset cloud, which, passing from above his head, seems to rest upon hers. It is, I am told, formed of the influences flowing from himself and his own special circle in the spirit world, showing how they are united with her in the work now going on upon earth; they were assisted in externalising this cloud of power by the linking of earthly ties through the means of the two letters on the chair beside her, received by her from his nearest relatives, who were thus, as it were, included in the lower circle of sitters, every letter carrying with it, in very fact, a portion of the writer's own being, thus retaining within itself, according to the tenour or the feelings uppermost when it was written, a fragment of the higher or lower nature of the sender.

There was but the one drawback that the spirit was rather far from her, therefore a portion of the picture must be cut off to bring it within the *carte-de-visite* size, so I asked if he might be

permitted to try again, so as to approach her more closely, to which an assent was given. When the next negative was developed there he was again, as nearly as possible on the identical spot where he had stood in the previous photograph, but he had indeed approached nearer to us, for the veil was removed and the position of the face was rather fuller—the costume too, was altered;—in the first he wore a long garment (to which the veil was attached) covering him from head to foot, which I am told was violet, a color which has been interpreted to me in my drawings as signifying religion, and we read in the 29th chapter of Job, 14th verse, “I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.” In the second he has an upper robe of a delicate rose color (charity), with a lower skirt of a deeper tint of the same hue (love).

There is also a curious manifestation on this second plate, about half way up the picture in front of the spirit, which has something the appearance of an extended torch with a strong flame rising upwards at the end, and smaller ones issuing forth along its length, of which the explanation has been thus given to me:—The colors of which it is spiritually composed, signify courage and unselfishness, the smaller flames have been the emanations from different evidences of those qualities in his earlier life, culminating in the grand climax whereby the silver thread was broken, when, after saving two young friends from drowning, his own spirit was entirely severed from the exhausted body, to carry on similar works of love in a higher life.

She was now desirous of trying for the portrait of a beloved sister, having with her a lock of her hair, and a little volume of manuscript poetry, which she placed on a seat by her side, but on the two following plates were no results, and I received an intimation that Mr. Hudson must go in to his dinner, as it is needful that he should be well nourished, to keep up the physical power required for his mediumship. During his absence I was impressed to mesmerise very strongly all that part of the studio occupied by the sitters, and when the plate was ready, I asked Mr. Hudson to wait a moment, as I thought I had to mesmerise the place again, instead of which I found I had to remain standing by the side of my friend, and when the negative was developed, she and I were but very dimly seen, while in front of her is the sweet kneeling figure of the sister she longed for. Her drapery, I am told, is blue (meaning devotion to Him who said, “I am the Truth”), but of a tint more glorious than any of ours of earth or sky. It enfolds the whole figure, covering the head, thus giving only a partial view of the exquisitely pure face, as it crosses over just below the mouth,

but the features are clearly visible, shewing the dark eyes and a glimpse of her dark hair, and the picture is an unmistakable likeness, so that our day's work was in all respects a most complete success. Before my friend came up to town I had received a suggestion that I was to be with her in one of the photographs, but in the excitement of the work I had altogether forgotten it. I now learn that my close presence was needed, as I was strongly linked with the spirit-sister, although I had never known her upon earth, by my having drawn her Spirit Flower (Nos. 1, 2, 3 in my Exhibition), and she was thus enabled to avail herself of our united vitality to manifest so life-like a countenance; it was needful that the face should be partially hooded, or it would have been too luminous to be photographed, for she is an exceedingly bright spirit, but as this work progresses, even brighter ones than she will be able to show their unshaded faces in glorious groups, but all the laborers in it must be content to walk slowly and steadily in the path they have to tread, rejoicing in each fresh evidence of growth, and giving thanks to Him who in these latter days has showered down such wondrous gifts.

With reference to the color, blue, I am told that the spiritual hues do not present the same photographic difficulties as those of earth, and that in such matters, our worldly experiences will avail us little, so that until our eyes are opened to behold that which is now invisible to us, we must be told, as to a blind man, what are the colors of the photographed garments.

Mrs. Tebb met me on the 3rd October, and in one picture where we are together, there is a spirit form, and behind us are several little flame-like manifestations. Something similar was in a subsequent one, where I sat alone, in which is the upper part of a completely veiled very ethereal form.

The manifestations in last Thursday's work were very weak, in consequence of the newness of the collodion, but as they were of a religious character, I trust that at some future time they may be reproduced with greater fullness.

In a note from Mrs. Makdougall Gregory to the editor of the *Medium*, she says—“I have got my spirit photograph from Hudson. The spirit figure is that of my sister Isabella, who passed away five or six years ago. The side face is perfectly defined—altogether it is a very good one.” I brought it home with me on Thursday, but I also saw the proof (then going to be sent to her) of one taken a week ago, which is in every respect much better, especially as a likeness of the sitter herself, who is so ardent a worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for May, was a letter from Baron Kirkup, in which he gives an account of some taken in Florence, adding, “I

enclose a portrait of my daughter with the spirit of a boy eight years old, who died at Capua seven years ago. The likeness is perfect." I saw the photograph in Southampton Row, and was much struck with it, for the boy's head seems to rise through a flowerpot that is standing near the young lady, and one leaf is *in front* of his face, so I was desirous of having it, and asked Mr. Burns to undertake the commission, but I have only very lately received it. I lent it to Mr. Hudson to copy, in which he has been eminently successful, for I prefer his copy to the original, so he can now supply it to those persons who may like to compare the results given through different mediumships.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., Oct. 14th, 1872.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 23.

"And lead us not into temptation." 6 Matthew, 13v.

1. The Greek of the text is, according to Griesbach, *Kai me eiseneghes umas eis peirasmon*. The prayer is a Hebraism, for the Jews saw no contradiction between the positive agency of God and the free will of man. Pharaoh is said to have hardened his own heart, while the same narrative attributes the hardening to God. See also 2 Acts, 23 v., and 2 Job, 10 v. The essential idea of the prayer is that we pray to a living Father, for ourselves and for others, that we may not be overcome by any trials of our fidelity, and that no solicitations to evil may lead us into acquiescence with them.

2. The prayer does not imply a desire to be totally exempted from all tests of our faith and virtue, or that we desire to live a life free from effort and struggle. But it does imply hatred of all sin, a felt sense of our own danger arising out of our own felt weakness, a prayer for help, and a firm hope and trust that that help will be vouchsafed.

3. Strictly speaking, all temptation is *inward*. We could not be tempted, if there were nothing within us upon which the temptation could work. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." Temptation very often reveals us to ourselves, and sometimes painfully so. Hazael did the very thing at which he stood aghast when it was suggested to him.

4. Temptation differs with different persons, at different times of life, in different places; but it is omnipresent, for Adam found it in Paradise, and Christ found it in Gethsemane. It is with all persons, and it is always present.

5. Its more immediate and usual occasions are when evil assumes a pleasant form; when it is fancied that the evil is harmless in itself; when we fancy we have no ability to withstand it; when we are called upon to conform to the opinions or usages of others, not because they are accepted by our own better nature, but because nonconformity would occasion pain; when some unexpected circumstances arise, as in the case of Peter's denial; when the evil within us which has not yet been subdued, is stirred up; and when things, good in themselves, but evil to us, are present to test us.

6. The prayer of the text, "lead us not into temptation," is not a voluntary prayer, for it obliges us often to pray against ourselves. But he who looks rightly at human life, at his own position within and without, and at the recoil which Christ always made from evil of every kind, must see that it is the only safe prayer for creatures so

weak, ignorant, and sinful as we are; but who, at the same time, are called upon to be "imitators of God as dear children," and followers in the footsteps of His Son.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

(Preached at Swindon).

THE GLEANER.

The Controversy on Prayer recently raised by Professor Fyndall still continues, and as hopelessly as ever.

On and after the 1st November, the *Spiritualist* will be published on the 1st and 15th of every month.

Mr. Gerald Massey will lecture at Darlington, Barnard Castle, and Bishop Auckland, on Nov. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Mr. J. J. Morse, the well-known London medium, is about to visit Scotland and the Midland districts for six weeks.

It would seem that an effort is being made to introduce the subject of Spiritualism into the little town of Frome, in Somersetshire.

We continue to receive the *Banner of Light*, for which our grateful thanks are due to our good friend Dr. Newton.

Messrs. Herne and Williams have been in Holland. Arrangements have been made for their visiting South Wales.

It may not be generally known in England that Horace Greeley, one of the two candidates for the American Presidency, is a Spiritualist.

Dr. Hugh McLeod is now delivering a course of Thursday evening lectures on Spiritualism, at Newcastle, in connection with the Newcastle Spiritual Association.

Dr. George Sexton, a gentleman well-known in the Secularist world, has announced his conversion to what he describes as "the noble and elevating doctrine of Spiritualism."

Our correspondent, Mr. Nourse, is again compelled, through illness, to postpone his concluding article on *Gates of Pearl* to our December number.

The *British Quarterly Review* for October has an article on "Immortality," and the *Theological Review* for the same month one by Miss Frances Power Cobbe on the "Life after Death."

Miss Mortimer, 24, Blomfield Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, who was for many years connected with the Mesmeric Infirmary, Weymouth St., is open to lecture on the art of Healing by Magnetism.

The gem of the number of the *Spiritual Magazine* for October is an article on miracles, by Thomas Brevoir. The number also contains some more information on *Spirit Photographs*.

We see that Mr. William Tebb, 20, Rochester Road, London, N.W., will receive subscriptions to enable the widow of Mr. J. H. Powell, and her three children, to go to America, where Mrs. Powell's eldest son is living.

A society has been formed in the Staffordshire Potteries, called the "Stoke-on-Trent Psychological Society." The meetings would seem to take place at Mount Pleasant, Stoke-on-Trent. The Secretary and Recorder is Mr. Thomas Ousman.

Professor S. B. Brittan, of Newark, New Jersey, proposes to publish a Quarterly Magazine, bearing the title of the *Journal of Spiritual Science*. The terms of this Quarterly will be, in America, three dollars per annum, in advance; and we suppose it may be ordered through Mr. Burns.

The *Saturday Review* has been running a tilt against Spiritualism, in an article on "The Spirits Again," and the Editor of the *Medium* has actually condescended to review it! We should as soon think of turning mud-collector, as reviewing anything the *Saturday* might care to say. That weekly is "fifty fathoms beneath contempt."

The *Spiritualist* for Oct. 15 has an article of nine columns on the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook, the young lady alluded to below. The article refers to,

among others, the *séance* at which the *Daily Telegraph* "Commissioner" was present. Certainly Miss Cook's mediumship, although governed by peculiar conditions, is of a very wonderful kind.

Our respected correspondent, Mr. Horace Field, sends us a small pamphlet of his, entitled "Some Thoughts on a Public Agitation," published by Tweedie, 337, Strand. Price one penny. It refers to the "Contagious Diseases Act," and we entirely agree with him that the provisions of that Act should be extended to men equally as to women.

The Rev. G. B. Porteous, Incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, and who was at one time the Editor of a Glasgow Periodical, the *Progressionist*, began a series of week evening lectures in his place of worship on Wednesday, October 2, and which will extend to Nov. 20. The Editor of the *Medium* says that "Mr. Porteous is an investigator of Spiritualism." Quite likely, he was formerly a Swedenborgian minister.

The Rev. Dr. Sheldon, pastor of a Baptist Church in Troy, New York State, preached a sermon on September 8, in which he criticised Spiritualism most severely, saying of it: "It plays the part of the religious clown; it is made up of the odds and ends of all creeds, all absurdities, and all characters." The *Banner of Light* of October 5 contains some remarks, by Andrew Jackson Davis, on Dr. Sheldon's deliverance.

Professor William Denton, one of the American Spiritualist Lecturers, criticises orthodox evidences of Christianity and the Bible, and compares them with the evidences of Spiritualism, somewhat to the disparagement of the former; but Mr. Denton appears to be oblivious of the fact that orthodox ways of looking at subjects are not the only ones in the world, and that he should not judge of Christianity and the Bible in one-sided ways. See *Banner of Light* for October 5, page 2.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1871, there is an article by Dr. Day giving an account of some very wonderful phenomena occurring to a peasant girl, named Louise Lateau, a scanty abridgement of which article appeared in our own *Christian Spiritualist* for the following June. It would seem from the *Town Crier* for October, a serio-comic monthly, published at Birmingham, that a clergyman, the Rev. L. F. Torond, has recently published a lecture upon "Louise Lateau and her so-called stigmata." This lecture is made the subject of an extremely severe criticism in the *Town Crier*. What a blessed thing it is that the *Town Crier* is not our judge!

How very many of the accounts of Spiritualistic phenomena, published in the *Medium* and other Spiritualist periodicals, lack the information necessary for readers and the general public to verify those accounts! Names, addresses, dates, and the names and addresses of the writers in full, are so frequently withheld that one cannot tell whether to believe or not believe, and no means are given for testing the truth or falsehood of the narratives. An editor may be quite certain of the moral reliability of his correspondent; but good men and intelligent men have been deceived, and when their correspondents make statements referring to matters aside from our ordinary experiences, they (the correspondents) ought in fairness to put us as far as possible at their point of sight and knowledge.

The *Congregationalist* for October, published by Hodder and Stoughton, contains an article, by the Rev. Edward White, of Kentish Town, entitled "The Scripture Doctrine of Infernal Spirits." The writer avows his belief that evil spirits exist, and exert a most fearful influence upon human destiny. The ground taken by the writer is entirely Scriptural. Mr. White says, in concluding his article, "In a closing paper I shall collect together the Scripture testimony respecting the action of these infernal spirits in individual character, in social life, in political affairs, in religious apostacy, and in the production of various new revelations, and try to show

how vast the range of their activity is represented to be among all except truth seekers, in inciting to the simulation of religious life, such as that which deceives the modern nations into the idea that they shall escape the damnation of God." We are always glad to meet with Mr. White, even when compelled to differ the most widely from him, which, however, in the present instance we do not.

We are indebted to J. T. M. for a copy of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, for Sept. 18, in which there is an article on *Necromancy*. The writer speaks very strongly against "Spiritualism," and falls back upon the long exploded fiction that Messrs. Faraday, Tyndall, and other scientific men, have explained, on mechanical grounds, such of those phenomena as have come under their investigations. We have sent to the Editor of the *Advocate* our *Christian Spiritualist* for February and March, 1871, in which that gentleman will find the answers to his article, based upon strictly Scriptural grounds.

The Rev. Dr. Brock, the well known minister of Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, in his farewell sermon on Sept. 29, asserted his unmovable belief in the everlasting punishment of the wicked, and his conviction that the doubts recently cast upon this doctrine by certain religious teachers had been instigated by the devil. With the most sincere respect for Dr. Brock, founded upon our knowledge of him for nearly a quarter of a century, we beg to differ from him on this point. There is a sense in which all punishment is, and must be everlasting; but that is not the popular sense. Of course we are aware that the letter of the Bible does not expressly teach the final restoration of all men. Scripturally speaking, that doctrine is not so much expressed, as implied or inferred.

The *Daily Telegraph* for Oct. 10, page 5, has an article, in large type, by "Our own Commissioner," on *Spirit Faces*. It is drawn up with something like judicial care, but as we are left in ignorance as to the names, places, and dates, by which we might verify the account, we have nothing more to do than to call attention to it. We believe, however, that the young lady medium here called "Miss Blank," is Miss Florence Cook. If "Our own Commissioner" thinks himself to be on the track of a great deception, and will put himself in communication with us, we shall be very happy to give him any aid which can be honorably rendered; and we promise him, if he should at last discover that he has been cheated, to help him to make the exposure of the cheat as complete as possible. That Spiritualism is true, we know just as really as we know other facts of our consciousness; but we are very well persuaded that the leaven of deception in modern Spiritualism is something tremendous. Of course we do not intend to suggest, in the faintest degree, that we have any doubt of Miss Cook's veracity in this matter; but she and others know quite well that Spiritualism, like Christianity, has its hypocrites as well as its honest believers, and that some of the phenomena are due to simulation.

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1. When correspondents send Articles relating to sittings, entrancements, or Spiritual phenomena of any kind, they must, in the communication, give dates, names of places, names of persons, and residences, in full, and *for publication*. Unless they do so, their communications will not be inserted. It is due to the public, who, from whatever cause or causes, are more or less sceptical about Spiritualism, that they should be furnished with details which they can trace and verify; and if Spiritualists are not willing to submit their statements to that ordeal, they will please not to send them to the *Christian Spiritualist*.

2. The names and addresses of contributors must be sent to the Editor, *for publication*. The rule by which anonymous contributions will be excluded will be absolutely obeyed; indeed all communications, of whatever kind, which are of an anonymous nature, will be at once consigned to the waste-paper basket.

3. The Editor will not undertake to return any rejected MSS., or to answer letters unless the return postage be enclosed.

4. A copy of the *Christian Spiritualist* will be sent by the Editor to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, for 12 months, on pre-payment of 2s. 6d. in stamps. Where any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, it is hoped that the Editor, Rose Cottage, Swindon, will be written to at once.

5. Contributors will please to write as briefly as is consistent with explicitness, write on one side of the paper only, and number each page consecutively.

6. Books, pamphlets, tracts, &c., sent for Review will be noticed, or returned to the Publisher.

7. Readers who may know of persons who would be likely to be interested in the circulation of this periodical, would very much oblige the Editor by sending him lists of names and addresses, when the parties indicated will be communicated with.

8. The Editor will be glad to receive newspaper cuttings, extracts from books and periodicals, and any useful matter bearing upon the general subject of Spiritualism. Friends sending such information will be pleased to append names and dates, as the case may be.

9. In the event of any article in the pages of this Periodical having no name and address appended to it, it is to be understood that the Editor is responsible for its contents as well as its appearance.

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"Nor, indeed, can it be said that any where in the volume there is a lack of sensation, for the spiriting away of Handyside to a lunatic asylum with false certificates, the tragic death of Truman, and two or three other such incidents disclose the secret that the author knows pretty well he cannot keep up the book's interest upon 'Spiritual courtship' alone. But, after all, this latter, or nothing, is the be-all-and-end-all of 'Glitter and Gold.'"—*The Illustrated Review*.

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